

**"WORLD" GROWTH
STRIKINGLY SHOWN.**
The Average Number of "WORLDS"
Printed Daily and also the Average Num-
ber of Advertisements Published Daily
during the First Six Months of the Years
1884 and 1888 were as follows:

1884.	1888.
Average Number Advertisements Daily	
532.	1,816.
Average Daily Circulation,	
56,749.	288,267.

THE LONDON HORROR.
When the so-called mysterious White-
chapel murders that are just now agitating
London are considered from a practical
point of view, there does not appear to be so
much mystery about them after all. The
most singular feature of the affair is the failure
of the police to discover and capture the
assassin before seven victims had lost their
lives.
There are some remarkably capable detec-
tives, no doubt, in the Scotland Yard force.
That has been proved on several occasions.
But, as a rule, the London police are greatly
inferior to our own force, and the police
management, like all other Government
business in England, is pretentious, prag-
matic and inefficient. The officials are in
general Dogberrys, and the men partake of
the character of Dogberry's watch.
There are three circumstances which ought
to have made the detection of the White-
chapel murderer comparatively easy. The
crime is localized. The causeless nature of
the victims prove beyond much doubt that the
assassin is a lunatic. The skilful, rapid
and deadly use of the knife leads to the con-
clusion that he is practised in surgery.
The booby London Coroner who expressed
the opinion that the crimes were committed
by an American for anatomical purposes
gives evidence that he is himself either a
lunatic or an ass. Chief BARNES points out
very clearly what steps, in his opinion, the
London police ought to have adopted after
the first, or at least after the first two mur-
ders, and he says that he does not believe
such crimes could have been committed in
New York or so long have escaped detection.
It is to be hoped that the London police
will soon bring the criminal to light. But
this ought to have been done before the
murder of so many lives. The victims are
all depraved characters. It is true, but they
are entitled to protection just as much as if
they had lived blameless lives.

A CLUB SENSATION.
There is excitement in the snug rooms of
the New York Club. The members of that
select association are shocked at the rudeness
and "ruffianism" of Mr. WILLIAM C. BUCK-
LIN, who last night, it is alleged, sought to
force his way into the sacred recesses of the
club, of which he is not a member, for the
purpose of disturbing the wardrobe and
rumpling the bangs of some of the nice
young men and well-preserved and artistic-
ally dyed old bucks of the Club whom he
charges with having insulted some of the
females of his family. Mr. BUCKLIN was
taken to the police station under a charge of
riotous conduct, and Dr. NELSON C. CHAP-
MAN, one of the clubmen, made the charge.
Dr. CHAPMAN called Mr. BUCKLIN a "ruff-
ian," and Mr. BUCKLIN said to Dr. CHAP-
MAN: "You are a pack of scoundrels noted
for insulting women."
The trouble seems to be about window
"mashing." Some of the members of these
clubs, it is said, have not much to do besides
sitting at the plate-glass windows, giving the
passengers a full view of their restless charms,
and indulging in the belief that they are de-
lighting the women who happen to pass by
with their smirks and ogles. If these tailor-
made captivators insult respectable females by
their monkey tricks, they deserve to be
trounced. Only it might have been better
for Mr. BUCKLIN to have caught them out-
side and given them a different sort of club-
bing than that they are accustomed to.
Instead of endeavoring to force his way into
the building.
Of course a large number of the members
are not to be even suspected of such con-
duct. They are gentlemen. But the trouble
is that in a fashionable club there is sure to
be a mixture of people, and some persons
always manage to get in of whose conduct
the reputable members have cause to be
ashamed.

AN ELEVATED RAILROAD DECISION.
Judge Andrews has decided to give the
Elevated Railroad companies a commission,
for the purpose of acquiring title to the
assessments in real estate along the lines of
their roads. This is in some respects a

triumph for the corporations. Owners who
claim damages from the roads must now
submit, if the companies so select, to have
their property taken by the railroads at a
valuation under the law of eminent domain.
This may not be willing to do.
The fact is settled, however, that owners
are entitled to damages for interference with
their easements in the streets of air, light and
access to their places. Under this decision
the corporations will be compelled to com-
pensate the owners of adjacent property for
the obstructions and nuisances on Eighth
avenue from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth
to One Hundred and Fifty-ninth street, or to
acquire the damaged property.

**GRUOLY KHAN, the first Envoy Extraordi-
nary and Minister Plenipotentiary ever sent
by Persia to the United States, will receive
a hearty welcome from the people. He will
be a lion at Washington and his pres-
ence will induce the ladies to read
over again the adventures of Lalla Rookh
and Feramorz. It is to be feared, however,
that by many Minister Gruoly will be con-
founded with Mr. Gilooly, made famous in
Mr. HARRISON's songs.**

There is some similarity between the Trusts
and gamblers in corners so far as the effects
of their operations are concerned. Sugar
has gone up in retail price, and coal is high
and rising just as winter comes on. This
is the work of Trusts. Bread is to be one
cent a loaf dearer or the size of the loaf is to
be reduced. This is the work of "Old
Hutch." Are they both "private affairs?"

Miss DELIA A. RUGGLES, a young dress-
maker of Lynn, Mass., is in trouble. Hav-
ing kindled a flame in the heart of a young
man, she tried her hand at the same business
with her house. Being well insured, she set
fire to her dwelling in order to get money
for a start in life. She is now in the toils of
the Lynn police instead of in the bonds of
matrimony.

The Grayling and the Sackem are two of
the best yachts to be found in any waters.
They are just now trying conclusions as to
their respective qualities in a series of three
races for a prize of \$10,000. Yesterday the
Grayling scored one, the course being a
straight twelve miles to windward and re-
turn. She will have all she can do to beat
the Sackem in the second trial of the series.

President CLEVELAND has made it clear that
he does not like the Chinese, that he never
did like them, and that he has made up his
mind from the start that they must be kept
out of the United States either by treaty or
law. As the Chinese Government does not
like the treaty he proposed, he has signed the
Exclusion Law, and the Pacific States will
rejoice.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.
Thurman Allen G.
WORLDLINGS.

Maggie Mitchell, the actress, is said to have
purchased 300,000 bushels of wheat from R. P. Hous-
ton in Chicago last Thursday, paying \$5 cents a
bushel for it.
There are 1,500 Americans in Honduras engaged
in mining. There was about \$1,000,000 of gold and
silver taken out last year, chiefly from one mine,
and this year the product will reach nearly
\$5,000,000.

Congressman William Walter Phelps, of New
Jersey, has a fortune of \$12,000,000, which is in-
vested about equally in real estate and railroad
stocks and bonds. He is a large holder of Wash-
ington real estate.

A Notable East Side Wall.
The spacious Harmonie Rooms were crowded to
their utmost capacity Saturday night, the occasion
being the annual ball of the Edward H. Fran-
k Association. The members assembled to the num-
ber of 500 and the ball was opened by Mr. Peter
Braun.
Mr. Edward H. Franke, in whose honor the society
was organized, presided at the banquet. The
dinner was served by the Harmonie Rooms. The
entertainment was given by the Harmonie Rooms.
The Harmonie Rooms are at the Harmonie Rooms.

Sequelents in Gotham.
F. G. Macomber, of Boston, and F. H. C. Ja-
cobson, of Baltimore, are at the Algonquin.
J. Lippman, of Boston; Lieut.-Col. J. G. Eaton,
Major D. C. Jackson and Lieut. J. A. Hutton, U. S. A.,
are at the Grand Hotel.
C. Campbell, of Cincinnati; E. B. Robins, of
Boston; W. J. Emerson, of Rochester; J. M.
Tomlinson, of Elmira, and H. B. James, of Wash-
ington.
Among the Starvation House guests are Thomas
Harvey, of Baltimore; H. M. Condit, of New York;
J. P. McDonald and H. S. McCune, Jr., of Knoxville,
Tenn.
At the Hoffman House are Thomas N. Farr, of
Richmond, Va.; Thomas Cobb Jackson, of Georgia;
Wilson Soule, of Rochester, and B. Werner, of St.
Louis.
J. Langdon, of Vermont; J. G. Hathaway, of
Boston; M. Newbold, of Baltimore, and Dr. J. E.
Arrowsmith, of Key Port, N. J., are at the Bar-
tholomew.
Registered at the St. James are J. G. Rosenthal,
of Baltimore; J. G. Hamilton, of Minneapolis; E. J.
Marty, of Boston, and S. K. Wainwright, of New
York.
Among the Fifth Avenue Hotel guests are W. A.
Courtenay, of Charleston, S. C.; W. F. Holt, of
Portland, Me.; J. M. Weaver, of Pittsburgh, and
C. A. Burke, of Boston.
Prominent at the Astor House are N. B. Scott, of
Wilmington, W. Va.; L. B. Andrews, of Seattle,
Wash.; H. B. James, of New Orleans, and
A. A. Harrington, of Providence, R. I.

THE LUMPER.
He Is Another Variety of the
Tyrant-Sweater.
House Carpenters Are the Vic-
tims of This One.
He Underbids Fair Bosses and Under-
pays Unsuspecting Workmen.

The sweater does not confine his pernicious
system alone to the manufacture of clothing
and shoes and wearing apparel generally, but
he has even stretched it into the building
trade, and made its influence for evil felt
very strongly.
In introducing his system into the carpent-
ers' trade the sweater got a new name, but
he did not and could not lose his identity as
the same old leech whose business it is to sap
the life-blood out of so many thousands of
poor working people.

THE EVENING WORLD has shown the sad
effects of the sweater's methods on the poor
working girls and women, and now it takes
up the sweater who is known in the building
trade as a "lumper."
The lumpers are men who take contracts to
do carpenter work at prices which no re-
putable and reliable boss carpenter could
afford to take and still pay his men fair prices
for their labor. Therefore, he must get his
work done at rates below the standard upon
which fair contractors base all their figuring.
Fair bosses do good work and pay their
men the standard wage of \$3 a day for nine
hours' labor. Not so the lumper. He
"lumps" his job, and underpays, lying in-
decently gets carpenters at \$2 and \$2.25
and \$3 a day. The carpenter who has just
lately arrived in this country is easily im-
posed upon regarding the rates of wages and
cost of living, and the lumper secures his ser-
vices for the lowest possible figure.

It is quite often the case, as shown by the
reports in these columns from time to time,
that the lumper promises to pay the men he
employs the regular standard wage of the
union carpenters, but when it comes to a set-
tlement the lumper will pay \$2.50, \$2.75 or
\$3 a day, and, being an irresponsible man,
will let his poor dupes, who presumed they
were to get the current wages, go and seek
redress as best they can.

It is seldom the victims get any satisfaction
out of the lumper, any more than the poor
sewing-women do out of the merciless
sweater.

The carpenters' unions throughout this city
and the United States have fought the lumper
system with varying success, but the in-
fluence of the sweater has been so great that
enough victims at most all times to permit
him to carry on his work and fleece the
poor, unsuspecting fellows who do not know
him.

The lumper does his work mainly on the
cheap order, and takes every advantage of
both the owner or builder and his workmen.
He is employed mainly on apartment and flat
work, and the cheaper kind, and he gets his
fine work to great advantage to himself if
he can fleece his man. But he occasionally
gets brought up with a round turn by the
delegates of the carpenters' unions, who as-
sert the wages the lumper pays and pay
his men. A strike generally ensues and the
lumper is forced to guarantee the payment of
the standard wages.

**A Very Small Affair, but Apparently Very
important.**
People stood on the curbstone and looked
across toward the Santa Irving office.
A crowd of boys and men were following
something, because they moved along and
looked at some object which they seemed to
be surrounded. Nothing was visible ex-
cept the mob of "Molochs" and curious
men.

Finally they came to a halt at the crossing
of the Fourth avenue railway. They were a
crowd of boys and men, and they were all
looking at some object which they seemed to
be surrounded. Nothing was visible ex-
cept the mob of "Molochs" and curious
men.

The crowd watched him off with a good-
natured grin. The little woman had on a
blue frock coat, very well English breeches,
certain leather shoes and a shining tall hat.
He looked like E. Berry Wall set up in agate.
"He must have escaped," said one of the
bystanders.

"Commodore Nutt," said another.
Perhaps it was. It was a dwarf.

The G. T.'s First Party.
The G. T.'s gave their first party of the season
Friday evening at the residence of Mr. Wm. F.
Gray, 217 West 42nd street, between Twenty-fourth
and Twenty-fifth streets. Among the guests were
Miss Estelle M. Hayes, J. S. Conway, Miss May
O'Keefe, E. J. Mercer, Jr., Miss L. F. Holloway,
F. W. Winship, Miss L. M. Prichard, of Hooksett;
Mr. Barker, Mrs. H. F. Phillips, A. E.
O'Keefe, Miss Carrie Murray, J. G. L. G. L.
Coburn, C. Roberts, Miss M. Halpin, H. A. Hayes,
Miss M. C. Hayes, A. Brown, C. B. Dwyer,
Miss E. B. Dwyer, Miss M. C. Dwyer, Miss M.
McElroy, Miss R. C. McCarthy and Miss A.
McCarthy.

It Died.
[From Harper's Bazar.]
The socialistic labor party will hold its State
Convention to-night.

The piano-makers at Baltimore have settled
their strike satisfactorily.
Mr. McElroy has gone to the Western States on
a mission of peace.

Three hundred men were thrown out of work at
Boston by the Trust closing the Bay State gar-
rage.

Work is fair for printers, but there is still a sur-
plus in this city and printers of other cities would
be well to stay away.

"THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?"
It is not at all certain that Barbara Pomfret, the
heroine of "The Quick or the Dead" would have
proved even mildly interesting if Miss Amelia
Hives had drawn the curtain of discretion over her
dominant sexuality. But Miss Hives was wonder-
fully candid, and her publishers have been reaping
the result and pleasantly counting the incoming
sheets for a long time.
In "The Quick or the Dead" there is hardly a
situation that could be successfully transferred to
the stage. No book could possibly be dramatized
that has in it so little of the essence of the drama.
Yet Miss Estelle Clayton has taken the Fifth Ave-
nue Theatre for four weeks, and began her ten-
ancy last night by appearing as Barbara Pomfret
in a stage version of Miss Hives's novel.

Without further preamble I may say that Miss
Clayton made a decided mistake. In the first
place she does not answer even the physical re-
quirements of the heroine. Barbara was large and
rather heavily built, not the dainty, slinking
little Miss Clayton impersonator. Miss Hives
described her as a woman who would have been
thoroughly suited to the part from a physical point
of view, but it is not likely that either of these
ladies would have erred in imagining that Bar-
bara's not very delicate emotions could have been
dramatized.

This does not mean that Miss Clayton has at-
tempted to depict Miss Barbara's remarkable
frenzy. The stage version of "The Quick or the
Dead" is eminently proper. There is not a
single indecent scene in it. It is a play of a
schoolmaster's; Barbara's passion, as she under-
stands it, is merely an amusing sensation. She
cannot forget her dead husband. She evidently
wishes she could. "It is an awful nuisance, dear
boy," she might be saying to the ardent Jack,
"but I can't possibly forget Val. I should like to
do so, and marry you; but under the circumstances
I trust you will understand that there is an open
grave between us."

Contrast this with the stormy emotion of Miss
Hives's heroine, who goes so far as to rapistfully
embrace the stump of one of her husband's old
cigars that she finds.

This play is tediously long. How could it be
otherwise? When Barbara and Jack are not mo-
bilizing the stage a number of stupid comedy
people are there. Marita Allen, the colored ser-
vant, is a horrible bore, and Col. Sam Barry, who
sells stores about the city, is equally boring.

The audience filtered last night at the end of the
third act, which was indescribably primitive. Bar-
bara hears that Jack has been injured by the fall
of some buildings in New York. She sends a tele-
gram to him, but he has already come to her. She
immediately throws herself into his arms and
kisses him. She does this on the style made popular by
the heroines in "The Girl on the Street" or in
"Slush for the People." The result is laughable.

T. D. Pawley was Jack Deering's modern,
mechanical sort of a Jack. He looked perpetually
surprised at himself, but he was certainly as
passionate an actor as the placid Barbara de-
served. Mrs. D. Van Doren made a con-
siderable success of her part. Miss Alice
Mansfield overdid Marita Allen; George W. Park-
hurst was extremely good as Barry, and John
Varney seemed anxious to make the Rev. Mr.
Trehouse farcical.

**Rural Visitors Have Found for Amusement
in "Milliners' Row."**
The countryman who on striking this city
starts for the Bowery to see what it looks
like, hardly ever fails to visit Division street.
He has read of the former thoroughfare, has
been told what a bad place it is, and when he
walks through it he is surprised to find that
it is almost exactly opposite to what he ex-
actly opposite to what he expected to find.
He has also been told of Division street and
its millinery stores, and after walking
through the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare
he takes a trip through the dark one.

Then he wonders how many milliners
there are in this city. He is surprised to find
each other kind to keep open and he sur-
veys with inexpressible astonishment the
rows of pullers-in.

If the visitor is accompanied by a woman
she stands a poorer chance of getting
through this street than a man does of going
through Baxter street.
It is a familiar sight to see an old woman
of sixty years in front of one store while
right next door a girl of nine has button-
holed some passer and is entreating her to
buy.
Hats are sold very cheap on this street, and
the countryman makes up his mind that he
has been deceived by the tales that have
been told him of fifty-dollar bonnets, for he
sees all sorts of hats of every description, and
trimmings at prices ranging from \$2 to \$10,
and it is not until he gets up on Fifth avenue,
if he gets there at all, that he renews his con-
fident belief in the statements that there are such
foolish things as French hats.

**Marked Improvements About the Chief
Jesuit Church and Residence.**
Old St. Francis Xavier's Church and resi-
dence is the chief abode of the Jesuits in
New York City. It used to be a very dread-
ful jumble of odds and ends of architecture.
The church was an ugly, fussy thing and the
house seemed to be the result of fourteen or
fifteen different attempts at construction.

That is all considerably changed now. The
new church of St. Francis Xavier's, which
fronts on Sixteenth street, is an imposing ed-
ifice, and its interior is richly adorned with
handsome paintings and beautifully carved
marble altars. It is one of the handsomest
churches in New York.

Now, too, the Jesuits have a fine residence
adjoining the church on Sixteenth street
very recently completed. The architect is
Thomas B. Poole, and the facade of the
building is quite imposing. A member of
the order gave the money which had been
left him by a deceased relative for the erec-
tion of the building. It will soon be in
condition for the community to move into it.

The old residence and the preparatory de-
partment of the college are still on Fifteenth
street, with two other buildings, the college
Fr. Murphy, the President of the college, is
in Europe at present.

Among the Workers.
The Miscellaneous Section meets at 145 Eighth
street to-night.

The piano-makers at Baltimore have settled
their strike satisfactorily.
Mr. McElroy has gone to the Western States on
a mission of peace.

Three hundred men were thrown out of work at
Boston by the Trust closing the Bay State gar-
rage.

Work is fair for printers, but there is still a sur-
plus in this city and printers of other cities would
be well to stay away.

What the Matter Was.
"Whr, John, what is the matter with baby?"
she said, as she came hastily into the house. "He
is crying bitterly."
"Yes," replied the old man, as he handed the
infant over, "he is evidently thinking of what the
Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor
of South Carolina."

THOSE SOCIAL CONUNDRUMS.
**IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? OR BACHELOR-
HOOD A SUCCESS?**
Many Men and Many Women of Many
Minds—Wherein Bachelorhood is a Rank
Failure—A Philosopher's View of the
Contrast—"Gladiator" Tackles the
Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is bachelorhood a success? No, certainly
not, the exceptions being a small minority of
cold, phlegmatic and selfish mortals, whose
hearts' instincts are limited to care for their
stomachs and money-getting, and a somewhat
more numerous class, who, unfortunately,
have not had the good fortune to meet those
possessing the necessary qualifications for
marriage, and who, consequently, are left
single and unhappy, and even their success
is problematical.

It must be conceded that there are diffi-
culties in the way of bringing the sexes
together in such a manner as to facilitate
each choosing a partner most likely to
secure that desired result—a "happy
home."

Home is not merely four square walls,
though it is often so regarded; it is a place
where affection dwells.
Filled with sunshine the heart beat mounded.

Many girls are acquainted with perhaps
quite a number of men whose habits,
dispositions and associations preclude
the idea of their ever becoming good
husbands. If they are girls of intelligence
and correct principles they will not accept
the claim that "any is better than none."
No, they wait on in the hope that their ideal,
or some one approaching to it, will offer
sooner or later, and eventually drift into that
general class of most unwise and decided
called "old maids." The same occurs with
men. It frequently happens that a man's
acquaintance is limited to some few whose
highest aspirations are for dresses, millinery
and flirtation, the better qualities of
any such exist, being buried too deep for
recognition or resurrection. The result is
he remains what I am at present, an old bach-
elor.

One Must Choose with Care.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have sent a few issues of your paper to
friends of mine in Europe, and by return
mail I received several answers discussing
with more or less ability the interesting
question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" One of
the letters was written by a woman. "I
should not be surprised to see a very
question brought up by one of our leading
Feminist papers."

My opinion upon this question is this:
Marriage is a failure, but it is not a failure
if ladies as well as gentlemen choose
carefully before engaging themselves, and
choose a character which will agree best with
their own. If this is done, marriage will
lead to happiness. Women are born to love
and to receive love. They will, if only
treated with common sense, be good wives
and do their level best to make their hus-
bands happy. There is a vast difference
between a woman who is content to be
by having traveled in many different parts
of the world and having studied the matter
with care.

A Philosopher's View of It.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It seems the emphasis of waste for a lot of
people to burden your lively columns with
experiences that may, perhaps, fill the hoop-
like horizon of some individual destiny, but
cannot bear any relation to the true substance
of marriage—the chemistry of society. Is
the post office a failure, because occasional
letters get by accident lost? Are railroads
failures, because by accident a train has
been derailed by accidental experiments that
two trains cannot travel on the same track at
the same time without discord? Is religion a
failure, because some ministers are cowards?
Marriage is always a success when its in-
gredients of temperament are adjusted in cor-
rect proportions, just as a certain combina-
tion of oxygen and nitrogen will produce a
gas that is neither oxygen nor nitrogen, but
vitalizing air. When a natural law is violated,
look out for the penalty.

What a "Gladiator" Thinks.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I know many young people of both sexes
who feel confident that, if the right person
should present himself or herself, marriage
would be no failure, but a contribution to
mortal happiness. Congeniality is one of the
principal features of wedded life.
It seems, from a general point of view, that
the majority of the women of to-day are
guided by appearance. Character and virtue
are secondary matters. They allow them-
selves to be carried away, so to speak, by
ostentatious dress, plenty of money and good
positions. These three constitute the man
and cover his defects.

The writer had the opportunity of figuring
as a "Gladiator" in the late spectacle of
the socialistic labor party, and above all
has convinced me that marriage with a
ballet girl is (with the exception of a few), a
decided failure. "Bertha Chase's" letter I
admire for the courage she displays.

Reason and Tension in a Bachelor.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a "bachelor," but I believe marriage is
not a failure if husband and wife are reason-
able and love each other.

A REASONABLE "BACHELOR."
A PALACE OF WONDERS.

**The Loveliest of Bonnets, Gowns and Wraps
at Denning's Opening.**
E. J. Denning & Co. offer a great treat at their
opening to the women whose hearts beat high at
the sight of a lovely gown or a stylish bonnet.
There are splendid creations in both at Denning's,
of many from the French fingers of
famous Parisian artists, and others, very handsome
and very fetching, which deft American hands
have wrought.

Not a detail of the feminine toilet is omitted, and
the immense variety in all the different lines will
enable any woman to select what she wants and
afford her unnumbered delight in looking at the
things she doesn't want.

The opening of the opening is the brilliant
display of gowns. Some of them show the touch
of genius, and are dreams of loveliness, and
the result for the fond bachelors and fathers
who settle the bill for them to the tune of three
big figures.

Ladies' underwear, rich, beautiful, comfortable;
also the latest in corsets; semolina lace, handsome
trimmings, fancy slippers in satin and embroidered
kid; gloves in the new, delicate, half-netting tint;
handkerchiefs, parasols, fans; in a word, every-
thing to make a woman creditable in her outward
show may be found on Denning's counters, and it
is impossible that every taste should not be
satisfied.

Wedding Bells.
The marriage of Miss Helen Loeb to Mr. Julius
Trautner was celebrated at 292 E. 44th street,
the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Dr.
Aronson. A wedding dinner was followed by dancing.

In the handsomely decorated parlors of Mr. and
Mrs. Trautner, 1222 Third avenue, a wedding
dinner was served. The bride was Miss Helen Loeb,
and the groom was Mr. Julius Trautner. The ceremony
was performed by the Rev. Dr. Aronson, and was followed
by a wedding dinner and dancing.

Miss Sophie Schneider, daughter of the well-
known uptown banker and broker, Mr. Louis
Schneider, was married to Mr. A. W. Trautner,
an officer on the steamship Line, at her father's re-
sidence, 1222 Third avenue, on Saturday evening
last. The bride is a pretty brunette, of
handsome figure, and is well known in German
society. The happy couple leave for Bremen to-
morrow, where they intend to reside.

FAIR ANTI-POVERTY VOTABLES.
**They Did Attract Thousands to the Big
Fair in the Garden.**
The third week of the Anti-Poverty fair
was commenced last night.
As on the preceding evening, the Madison
Square Garden was packed to its utmost ca-
pacity, and the dimes and dollars flowed into
Anti-Poverty's coffers in one continuous
stream.
The young voices of the share sellers
echoed and re-echoed through the vast build-
ing, and now and then the shrill voice of
some little woman crying, "Put a penny in
the basket for Anti-Poverty," was heard
above the din. Many new articles had ap-
peared on the various tables and new features
have been introduced. At the East Side
Branch table, which is presided over by that
indisputable worker Mrs. Conlon, an
elegant crayon picture of Dr. McGlynn was
introduced last night.

An elegant crane to be voted to the "best
friend of Dr. McGlynn," and presented by a
workman of the fair, was put up. Dr.
Burtwell's name was immediately sent
away ahead.

THE EVENING WORLD still leads in the vot-
ing for the most popular evening paper.
A disagreeable feature in the person of Mr.
Childs, of the Society for the Prevention of
Crime, was also introduced. He came to
collect evidence against the fair people. He
was immediately recognized and received a
cordial welcome and some timely advice re-
garding policy shops, gambling dens, and
other places not frequented by lawless ruf-
fians like the Anti-Poverty Fair's visitors.

BEATS KING SOLOMON'S MINES.
**Twelve Million Dollars Poured into the Tax
Office in One Day.**

The rush at the doors of Tax Collector Mc-
Lean's office in the Stewart Building yester-
day was so great and continuous that the
record of tax receipts was beaten out of sight.
The four big policemen were nearly swept
off their feet when the doors opened, and the
clerks never had a chance to look up from
their books the whole day.

Over fifteen hundred tax-payers relieved
themselves of their debt to the city and se-
cured the 6 per cent. rebate, which is the re-
ward of prompt payment.
And the money turned in? No bank in the
city did so much business.
When 4 o'clock came Major McLean had a
pile of greenbacks, silver and checks which he
couldn't count, but which he knew must be
worth at least \$12,000,000.

The money was half to three-quarters of a
million dollars ahead of any previous year.
Mr. Astor and the Trinity corporation each
paid about \$400,000. The Goetts paid \$200,000,
and the Moses Taylor estate \$200,000.
The money will roll in to-day and through-
out this month.

NO MORE JURIES FOR THEM.
**Elevated Roads Get a Commission to Assess
Property-Owners' Damages.**

An important decision affecting the claims
of property-owners against the Elevated Rail-
road Company for damages by depreciation has
been rendered by Judge Andrews, of the
Supreme Court.

After the decision of the Court of Appeals
that property-owners were entitled to com-
pensation for loss of light, air, etc., from
dredges of owners led to the courts for relief,
and the juries invariably gave them substan-
tial damages.
The Elevated road thought it would have
to pay much less money if, instead of having
to go before juries, it could get a permanent
commission appointed.

Judge Andrews's decision is that the proper
thing is to have a commission of three to as-
sess damages—one selected by the property-
owners, one by the railroad and the third by
the Court.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.
The Howling Kept Him Awake.
[From Harper's Bazar.]

Bagley (sternly)—Aurelia, let this thing stop
right here. Mr. De Twitiger—
Aurelia—Oh, paw! do you forbid Arthur the
house?
Bagley—He may come every night in the week
if he pleases, but I forbid him to bring his dog
into my parlor. Last night his howling kept me awake
for an hour.

Aurelia—Why paw! that was Arthur singing a
selection from "Ermine!"
Business First.
[From The Epoch.]
"I confess, sir," said the widow, with some
styness, "that I might in time learn to love you,
but, er—you are quite poor, are you not?"
"Well, yes; my income is not large, but with
you, dear Mrs. Tompkins, to cheer and encourage
me, it will soon be enough."
"An," interrupted the widow, with a sigh,
"that would be giving hostages to fortune. I am
not a fortune teller, but I would like to give up
a dead sure thing for a rank un-
certainly."

<